

THE YPSI-SEM



JUNIOR NUMBER

Vol. 3

MAY, 1913

No. 8

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The Ypsi-Sem

VOL. 3

YPSILANTI, MICH., MAY, 1913

No. 8

L I T E R A R Y

The Man in the Moon

A long time ago, when giants and fairies held sway over all the earth, a wood-cutter lived with his wife and children, in the great block forest of Germany.

Now this man was a jolly sort of a fellow, and always had a hearty smile for those who came through the forest; a smile so great that he became known to the people in that part of the country as "The man with the jovial smile."

One morning he left his home as usual, and went into the forest to cut wood. He sang joyfully at his work as he thought of the merry household waiting his return, and of little Anita climbing upon his knee to hear the stories the leaves and trees told him.

Suddenly a little brown woman stepped out of the trunk of the tree he was cutting down. He looked at her in amazement then began to laugh, for she was a very queer sight to behold.

This made the little witch very angry, and she stamped her foot on the dry leaves at her feet, and shook her tiny fist at him.

"Stop!" she cried, "How dare you make

fun of me, and even dare to cut down my home."

"I am very sorry," he replied, "I did not know this tree belonged to you."

"They all belong to me, every leaf and twig of the whole forest is mine, and you shall not touch them."

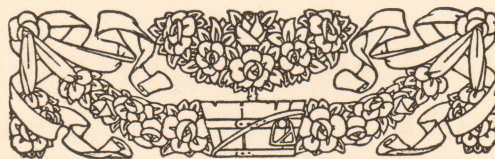
"But how am I to make my living?" he asked.

"By your smile," she cried.

"By my smile?" he repeated, then burst into laughter. "A queer thing by which to make a living."

Suddenly the little brown woman raised her hands and waved them over her head muttering magic words. The great tree fell with a crash, and out of the hole where the trunk had once stood, rose a great cloud of white smoke, which carried the little man, smile and all far up into the sky, where to this day he brightens the dark night by his world known smile.

ELLEN KISHLAR.



The Lady in the Moon

Once upon a time a long, long time ago, there lived a beautiful princess. Her home was a great castle in the center of a dark thick woods. Around the castle was a high stone wall and it was still more fortified with a moat and drawbridge. The princess had never been out of the royal garden and one day while she was playing, a bad fairy came creeping along by the pond where the princess was feeding some lovely white swans. She drew very near to the princess and said, in her crackling old voice, "Come, beautiful child, come with me, out from these imprisoning walls and we will dance in the woods and play upon the beautiful banks of the happy rivers for there are no limits to nature's riches."

At first the princess was very frightened, but she saw that the fairy was smiling so she placed her hand upon the wrinkled palm of the wicked fairy,—and lo! they were over the wall and joyfully racing threw perfumed fields of wild flowers. The princess had never before been as happy, she danced through the tall waving grass and joined with the songs of the rushing rivers until dark. Then she grew tired and cold. She turned around to find the old fairy, but she had disappeared. The poor little princess sank wearily upon a large stone and cried as though her heart would break. Her head sank lower and lower upon the cold, gray stone, and soon she was sound asleep.

Through the dewy meadows rode a knight his heavy mantle and plumes fluttering in the wind, as he plunged madly through the night. Suddenly he stopped for he had discovered the

sleeping princess. He slipped from his large white horse, and stood looking down at her, wonderingly, when she awoke and looked up at him with great frightened eye. He asked her why she was in the woods when it was so late and she sobbed out her story and told him where she lived. So jumping upon his impatient steed, he raised her in his strong arms and on, through the dewy darkness they rusheu. When they arrived at the home of the maiden, the parents were very thankful to the knight and gave him a most cordial invitation to visit them.

Many happy days the princess and the knight spent together, but the king had already planned the marriage of his daughter to a handsome prince of another kingdom, and when the knight told him of his love for the princess, the king became very angry and commanded the knight to leave the castle and never to dare enter again.

Every night the princess who was cast into a high tower, looked across the country and watched her lover ride through the meadow. One night a good fairy appeared to her and told her that she might have granted, her greatest wish, so the princess told the fairy that after she died, to place her soul in the moon, that she might always be able to watch the knight and guide him safely through the forest.

In a few days the princess died and her soul rose to the moon, where she watches and guards us all to this very day.

DORIS JAMES.

Diary of Peter Rabbit

April 1.—Born on April-fool and destined to be one.

April 5.—Opened my eyes on a vast extent of green. Made me dizzy, so I quickly closed them.

April 10.—Tried, for the first time, my luck at hopping. Hopped into the river and perished, I thought, but was shaken back to life again by my mother.

April 20.—Can hop now without endangering my life.

April 30.—Started to school today but had not gone far, when I saw something which attracted my artistic eye. It was a tall rabbit, whose ears hadn't grown yet, but who was a dozen times as large as myself. He had a bright red coat on which I liked, so I crept closer and closer, then with a bound, landed

upon it. The nervy creature laughingly put me into his pocket and said something, not in rabbit language, about my being too small to shoot.

April 30.—Continued. Well I just found my way out of that deep pocket. I guess that's the time I got a head of the red rabbit, but I ran home as quickly as lightning.

May 5.—My mother says that was a human being I encountered, very dangerous things, especially the men who are always causing trouble, even among the ladies.

May 7.—Went to school today, but don't like my teacher. I merely asked when we were going to get something to eat, and she set me on the dunce stool, with a cap on my head.

May 25.—Had a fight with Jack Rabbit last night. Have made a vow that I'll leave him alone hereafter.

June 1.—My mother died last night, and I must go to work for myself now.

June 15.—Found a job as printer at the Bunny's printing press. Looked like a good job to me, but all I got was the privilege of reading the papers so I left, after a week.

June 25.—Was wandering around, when I was suddenly seized by the neck (again I

thought I had perished) and saw myself looking into the laughing eyes of a little girl. She carried me in her apron to her home, a large house on the outskirts of the city, but put me into a wire cage. I don't like this.

June 28.—Have decided to stay, for the present at least. I get more to eat now than ever before, so will put with the fondling, which seems girlish to me.

July.—Was put into a carriage with a doll today, which I immediately began to tear to pieces. I got a cuff on the ears however from my little mistress, so I jumped out and started to run, but the thought of the carrots and cabbages to come at supper-time, made me retrace my steps.

July 4.—Early this morning firecrackers began going off all around me. They made me nervous; and when two small boys set some off right under my feet, I lost all patience, and hopped as fast as my legs would carry me, to the dashing river, and without thinking, leaped in. The angry waves proved to much for me, and I soon felt myself sinking. Thought I would drown myself just to see how it tasted; so I did. Died and went to rabbit heaven.

Old Maid's Hall

Did you ever room and board yourself while going to college? If not, you have missed one of the most interesting adventures of college life.

Three girls, Rosie Brown, Sarah Kesly, and I came from a country village into the busy college town to attend college.

Having found a suitable suite of rooms we began making preparations for "moving" as we called it.

One rainy Monday evening found we three girls installed in a large suite of rooms; with six baskets and packages strewn over the floor, Through the torn papers covering them one could catch glimpses of cooking utensils and eatables.

"Oh dear, I'm positively disgusted Sarah. Here we are, and now Miss Dean is going to change our room. Blanche said she would change with us, so we can't do a thing; and oh! why how in the world are we going to cook supper?"

Yes indeed how were we to cook supper. The gas plate was in the room we were to move into the next day.

"I guess you can leave that to me," I said "I have heard of heating things over the gas light, guess we may as well try it. Open up those suit cases and let's see what we can do. I'm nearly straved."

The action followed the words. Off came our hats and coats which we threw in a heap on the lounge, the only place we had, and began to prepare our supper. Then came the fun. Six suitcases and no one knew in which the dishes were packed.

"Now I know they're in here, Rosie," said Sarah.

"No they're not, I have them," answered Rosie, pulling out a coffee pot and salt shaker. That's all she found.

After a search, we found the coffee and I began to heat it over the gas-light, while the other two girls did the rest.

I held the coffee pot over the flame for two minutes, I could have sworn it was fifteen, when my arms began to act. Then a happy idea struck me.

"I know what I'll do, I'll stand in a chair, then my arms won't get so tired." I proceeded to do so, but my arms ached the same, and the coffee pot, it seemed would persist in going every place except over the flame and with, "Hurry up. Isn't that coffee hot?" and, "Well, I'm nearly starved," being thrown at me I grew provoked and suppered forth." If you think it is so much fun to hold this, get up here and try it."

The result was that we had cold water with coffee grounds in it for coffee. Finally we appeased our hunger and went to bed.

We three slept in one bed. It was so warm Rosie and I could not sleep, so we giggled and told stories, but Sarah slept, Oh yes! every now and then she would snore and we would snicker. Finally we got up (Rosie and I) and sat on the floor in the living room, then we began playing pranks, and after we had run into chairs and stubbed our toes on suit cases for a while, we decided to go to bed. (By this time it was twelve o'clock).

Each found a friedcake, and after eating it, we settled down for the night.

The next morning we had a picked up breakfast and hurried off to school. Thus ended adventure number one.

E. KELLY.

The Conqueror

It was a bright afternoon of late Indian summer. The crisp air, with its hint of frost, brought blood to the cheeks and laughter to the lips.

The campus at Hillsboro Academy was thronged with boys of all ages and classes. Being through school for the day, they were all hurrying from their classrooms, glad to be free at last to enjoy a few hours of unrestrained hilarity.

But one young lad of seventeen or thereabouts, who, wrenching himself from his gay companions, turned and walked briskly across the campus and over the rough stubble of a neighboring cornfield. He walked without hesitation 'till he reached the eastern side of the pine woods bordering the college grounds. Here Walter Faxon, for so he was called, threw himself and portfolio down upon the cool pine needle under a great tree which reached its slender pinnacle into the clear, bright blue of the autumn sky.

But, sad to say, Walter was not in tune with his surroundings, the boys or himself.

"It's no use hiding it from myself any longer," he cried out to his silent companions, the pines. "They're all cheats, and if nothing is done, I can't stay in this school any longer. I'll have to ask Dad to send me somewhere else, but how I hate to, for I love the school."

After pondering over this for some time, he asked himself the question, "Would that be

the square deal either, to steal out, as soon as things don't suit? Why not stay and try to mend them, if I do have to face the music?"

As he calmly faced the situation with a clear head and the unerring judgment which in later years brought him country-wide recognition for his great work on the bench, he reached, after much difficulty, the right decision.

"Yes, it would be hard," he thought idly as he lay looking with dreamy eyes into the intricate traceries of the pine tips against the steel blue of the heavens. "Yes, it would be hard to face those boys and state my own prudish, little ideas about their 'ponies.' They wouldn't understand. They'd think me a cad, and all that, but it can't be helped, and that is all there is to it."

Walter was not a boy to hesitate long after arriving at an ultimate decision so he quickly jumped to his feet, brushed his clothes free from the needles, and pursued his homeward way, whistling as though he had never a care in the world.

Arrived at the dormitory, he sent out notices at once to the different class officers that a mass meeting was to be held that evening in the Junior rooms at Wilkins hall.

Seven o'clock came all too soon for Walter, who had been racking his brains for an hour to collect his arguments against the use of "ponies" during exams. But the hardest ordeal of

his life faced him now to get up before his friends and tell them in plain language that they were cheats. That was almost too much, and he knew how they would take it at first. There would be on all the expectant faces, first a look of surprise then of wonderment, and lastly, of anger. Oh, why need he do it? Why was it his place to tell his dearest friends anything so painful to him and to them? Then he thought of why he was doing it. What these crooked practices in preparatory school would lead to in later life—of the unfairness to those whose puritanic instincts refused to be led to anything so low, and all the other reasons, among which was the lowering of the standard of the entire student body and of their school in the eyes of other schools and colleges.

When the boys did come, Walter was ready for them and he did not mince matters in the least. As one may suppose, he made many enemies, but he made more friends.

The whole meeting had taken the boys so completely by surprise, that very little was to be done about it at once. Only it was very

easy for Walter to see, as he thought it over that night, that there, were some there who had thought of it at times, themselves.

About two weeks after the first meeting, another was called in the room of Bob Stevens, captain of the football eleven and president of the senior class. His earnest words in favor of Walter's action brought out the last bit of loyalty that was hidden in the fifty boys, there assembled, what he said was now not so strange and they had done some thinking for themselves. Suddenly a great cheer went up that brought every man to his feet; and the battle was won.

Walter and Bob were drawn down the corridor by willing hands, straight to the principal's office, and their visit explained.

These things took place long ago and now Hillsboro is the most thriving of schools, and her graduates make not only the keenest and cleverest, but the most truly honest and loyal, college men to be found anywhere.

B. ELLIOT.



The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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Florence Matthews.....Literary Editor
Willis Bellows.....Athletic Editor
Philip Boyce.....Associate Literary Editor
Ruth Cleary.....Joke and Exchange Editor
Nat Hopkins.....Art Editor

MANAGERS

Lamar Kishlar.....Business Manager
Lawrence Brown.....Advertising Manager
Stanton D'Ooge.....Circulation Manager

seniors, this June, and do nothing that will reflect upon our now brilliant class. Knowing what has been the former attitude towards the Seniors, we should profit by our knoweldge that they may leave our school in peace and honor.

May all Junior classes be as happy and prosperous as the present one.

:o:

BASE BALL Number Next Month.

We Have TEN DIXITS Left. Do You Want One?

Editorials

We, the class of '14, wish to express our appreciation of the honor given us by the Sem staff, in dedicating the May number to our class. In this issue is published only the best of jokes and stories, that it may meet your hearty approval, and also do justice to our class.

Besides having introduced into the school the new system of student control, we have aroused a spirit in our class, which it would be hard to surpass, or even equal. And all indications point towards a bright and prosperous new year, for the present junior class.

We should be kind and brotherly to the

Worry a Little And Get Us Some JOKES.

BASE BALL NUMBER Next.

Junior Looking Glass

Name	Known as	Where Found	Characterizing Adjective	Known By	Chief Expression
Harry Hubbard	"Hub"	In school	Energetic	His smile	Stop that
Robert Thompson	"Thomie"	Most anywhere	Active	His good habits	Why, no, I haven't
Manning James	"Doc"	Home playing cribbage	Dauntless	His nature	Ha-ha-ha
Harold Leverett	"Cocky"	U-All-No	Happy-go-lucky	His quiet laugh	but Freida
Henry Gilmore	"Heine"	At Freida's	Frivolous	The company he keeps	Where do you get that?
William Proctor	"Mr. Will"	At home	"Stictnit"	His walk	I can get you yet
Al. Richards	"Rich"	Learning Mathematics	Modesty	His smooth hair	Everybody happy
Doris James	"Dick"	Hard to tell	Sober (?)	Her white hair	Might as well laugh
Adelaide Cole	"Ada"	Watching for Special delivery	Stylish	That tall shadow	You awful thing
Neva Greene	"?"	To go by	Pretty	Her laugh	What's the use
Dorothy Colvan	"Cobb"	practicing	Silent	Her dimples	I'll ask Bertha
George Davis	"Hoppy"	Pearl Street	Rapidity	A little bird	Wha' dy'u say?
Nat Hopkins	"Bubbles"	Drawing pictures	Smart	His farmer cartoons	Search Me
Ellen Kishlar	"Stub"	With the bunch	Dainty	Everybody	I don't care
Frank Webb	"Rut"	You never can tell	Lengthy	His curly hair	Oh phase
Russel Seymour	"Rut"	with the girls	Tailor-made	(Russel knows)	Oh now, you stop
Bernice DeMosh	"Bee"	skipping school	We don't know, but she gets them	her beauty	Sure
Helen Hayward	"Scrubby"	With Ethel	Jolly	Her good naure	Why arn't you 'shamed
Albert Thayer	"Bert"	breaking rules	Gay	The faculty	I've got you, Steve
Zilpha Pearsal	"Zip"	playing the piano	Tall	Her voice	?
Guy Robinson	"Young Robby"	Horner & Lawrence	Modesty of Speech	His stories	He can't talk plain yet
Alvin Maulbetsch	"Maully"	On the farm	Sincerity	The hospitals	I'll do it
Florence Mathews		studying	Frank	Her sweet way	
O. C. Hull					

The Juniors

JUNIOR GIRLS

C. A.—Climbing Along.
M. B.—Many Brains
D. B.—Dangerous Butterfly.
A. B.—Always Beaming
F. B.—Favors Boys.
J. C.—Joyful Character.
E. C.—Exceedingly Charming
A. C.—Appearance Commanding.
D. C.—Darling Cupid.
M. D.—Much Dignity.
B. D.—Beautiful Damsel.
B. E.—Best Ever.
G. E.—Good Entertainer.
N. G.—Nervy Girl.
M. G.—Music Grinder.
H. H.—Helping Hand.
D. J.—Dandy Joke.
E. K.—Entertains Knowledge
H. K.—Happy Kind.
R. L.—Real Lady.
F. M.—Funny Mutt.
I. M.—Ideal Maiden.
M. M.—May Marry.
J. P.—Jealous Person.
L. R.—Long Remembered.
M. R.—Most Remarkable.
M. S.—Might Shy.
B. S.—Bold Suffragette.
F. T.—Found Trusty.
M. W.—Man Wanted.
E. W.—Ever Working.
L. W.—Little Woman.
M. P.—Manners Perfect.

JUNIOR BOYS

J. B.—Just Bashful.
C. B.—Call Bessie.
P. B.—Probably Boisterous.
D. B.—Doing Beautifully.
L. B.—Loving Beno.
S. C.—Sings Continually.
E. F.—Earnest Face.
H. G.—Hutton's Guy.
W. G.—Great Wisdom.
N. H.—Not Harmful.
H. H.—Happy Hooligan.
M. J.—Model Junior.
T. J.—Tall Jeff.
H. L.—Hates Loafing.
A. M.—Ardent Member.
W. P.—Wrong Party.
A. R.—Always Rich.
G. R.—Great Responsibility.
R. S.—Real Sinsul.
A. T.—Always Toiling.
P. V.—Promises Victory.
F. W.—Feigns Work.
M. W.—Mischievous Worker.
J. W.—Jolly Winker.



Alumni Notes

Charles F. Cooper is district manager for the Detroit Automatic Scales Co., and is located at Dallas, Texas. He writes that Dallas is as progressive as any northern town he was ever in. The office buildings of the company for which he works are equal in size and elegance of construction to those of Detroit, and among the splendid hotels of Dallas the Adolphus, just completed, he believes to be even finer than the Ponchartrain. There is a general good fellowship among the people of the South, the business men are easily approached, and "everyone is ready to boost wherever there is need of boosting." Mr. Cooper handles three states and is working twenty-one salesmen. His present address is Stimpson Computing Scale Company, 1717 Live Oak Street, Dallas, Texas.

Harry Baker is engaged in forestry at Troy, Montana.

Truman Dean completed his course of study at Michigan Agricultural College last semester, and is now a government engineer at Poplar, Montana.

Rhea Pew is teaching sixth grade at Midland, Mich.

Dr. Max Peet has a fine position in the department of surgery, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Ernest Rogers has an automobile factory in Dayton, Ohio. Mr. Rogers sustained no severe loss nor injury during the recent floods.

Miss Mary Davis is now in Chicago, where she has a position with the Northwestern University Settlement. She teaches classes in cooking and laundry work.

Lew's L. Forsythe, '00, Supt. of Schools at Ionia, Mich., has been appointed a delegate from Michigan to the International Congress of Hygiene which meets in Buffalo next July.

One of Michigan's best known veterans of the Civil War, General James H. Kidd, died at his home in Ionia, March 19, 1913. James H.

Kidd graduated from the Ypsilanti High School in 1860. He then entered the U. of M. where he entered the service of the Union in 1862. A member of the Tappan Guards at the University he was commissioned captain of Co. E, Sixth Michigan Cavalry in 1862, and took his company into camp at Camp Kellogg, Grand Rapids. In 1863, he was made major of the Sixth Cavalry and the next year colonel of the regiment. At the battle of Falling Water he was wounded. He took part in the battles of the Wilderness, Kilpatrick's raid, the struggles in the Shenandoah Valley, and other battles. In command of the Michigan brigade he was General Custer's successor.

At the close of the war he was ordered west and fought against the Indians, establishing a post and building Fort Reno in Wyoming.

On his return to Ionia he entered the manufacturing business with his father, and in 1867 was appointed register of deeds, which position he held for eight years. He has filled various positions of trust, and among his appointments are:

Inspector-general under Gov. R. A. Alger, assistant inspector of the G. A. R. and an aid on the staff of the commander-in-chief, Gen. Alger; quarter-master general of the Michigan National guard by Gov. John T. Rich, and later served in the same capacity on the staff of Gov. A. T. Bliss and of Gov. Fred M. Warner.

Gen. Kidd was at one time postmaster of Ionia, and has been editor and publisher of the Ionia Sentinel since 1879.

In 1910 the honorary degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon him at the University of Michigan.

He has written a history of the Michigan Cavalry entitled, "Personal Recollections of a Cavalryman, with Custer's Michigan Cavalry Brigade in the Civil War."

He is survived by his wife and one son, Frederick McConnell Kidd.



A T H L E T I C S

BASE BALL OUTLOOK

The baseball season is well started now. The first game has been played and, although this game resulted in a defeat for the Y. H. S. team, the fellows are all confident still for the great success of the season.

Practice was begun about three weeks ago. The work began in earnest under the coaching of Prof. Hull and captaincy of R. Seymour. Practice has been held every day at Prospect Park and now the team is just beginning to work into shape.

The outlook for baseball at Y. H. S. this year is very bright. There is no end of good material and the spirit for the sport runs high in the school. A good schedule consisting of eight or ten games has been provided by manager Robinson. Mt. Clemens played here Saturday, April 19 and on April the 26 the Ypsi team goes to Mt. Clemens to play the return game. The rest of the schedule prepared is as follows:

May 9 and 28—Normal High School.

May 17—Milan at Milan.

May 24—Wayne at Ypsi.

May 31—Milan at Ypsi.

June 7—Alumni.

June 21—Wayne at Ypsi.

Games for Fridays have been scheduled with the Normal High but the exact dates for these games can not be told at this time.

Season tickets have been put on sale by the Athletic Association. The price of these tickets has been made small, exceptionally so, in order that all might easily buy one. These tickets will be good for every game played in Ypsi by the High School team. Now it is up to the students to stand by this branch of athletics as they have heretofore in all branches of sports. Again, we offer a toast to the season with all its prospects!

YPSILANTI VS. MT. CLEMENS HIGH

The game between Mt. Clemens and Ypsi High, the first game of the season to be played by the High School team, was started sharply

at 2:30 p. m., Saturday, April the 19th. The day was perfect—nothing lacking in making it excellent baseball weather.

Q. Beyer went into the box for the local team and he surely delivered the goods, though the play, at times, was rather ragged and the lack of support was very noticeable.

For the visitors, Peltier, went on the mound. His experience, having pitched in the Border League, gave him much to be desired in the way of control and his "Roundhouse" worked well fooling the local lads often during the game. Yet, being a high school student he was eligible for the game.

As the score showed, the match was quite a "slug-fest" timely hits being made by the home team at all stages of the game.

Walters and Gaudy were the brilliant performers with the stick during this game. Out of three times at bat Walters got three hits while Cynthy got two hits out three times at bat. The jinx, however, hovered over C. Lewis, who failed to connect during three chances at the plate.

Numerous errors were made during the course of the game; wild heaves to first and second marking the play of both teams. But with practice and experience these faults will soon be overcome.

Minor, during the middle of the game, brought in a run on what should have been but a single. The ball was thrown wildly to second and then to third and finally missed by the Mt. Clemens' catcher at the plate.

Richards took Beyer's place in the fifth inning and during this inning four runs were tallied by Mt. Clemens. The score at the finish stood 12 to 8, in favor of Mt. Clemens.

The teams lined up as follows:

Mt. Clemens High—Lichtig, ss; Sheldon, 2b; Peltier, lf; Perry, cf; Mason, 3b; McIntosh, 1b; Renton, c; Roscoff, rf; Gushing, p.

Ypsi High—C. Cannon, ss; Walters, lf; A. Richards, rf and p; H. Gaudy, cf; R. Seymour, 2b; W. Proctor, 3b; C. Lewis 1b; Gilmore, C; Meanwell, c; Beyer, p; Minor, rf.

J O S H E S

A. Cole—"So he really said he thought me witty, Eh!

Rhiny—Not exactly. He said he had to laugh every time he saw you.

—:o:—

Father (To Mr. Leverett)—"Well Harold are you able to keep your place 'n your classes,

Corky—"Yes pop; I began at the foot of the class, and there's not a boy been able to take it from me."

—:o:—

So you enjoyed your walk Ellen; did you go quite alone?

Ellen—"O yes, Mamma, quite alone.

Little Brother—"Then how is it Ellen you took an umbrella, and brought home a walking stick?"

—:o:—

Hub—"This dog of mine is some dog, let me tell you! He has a wonderful pedigree."

Gilmore—"I suppose you trace him way back to the dog Noah took into the ark?"

Hub—"Say, this dog's ancestors didn't go into the ark. They had a bark of their own."

—:o:—

E. Kishlar—"Why do you suppose he (meaning Rut S.) has such a vacant expression?"

F. M.—"Well, he thinks of himself a good deal."

—:o:—

He who Mrs. to take a kiss,
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

Heine—"How did you come to fall in?"

Jeff—"I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish."

—:o:—

Father—"What did I tell you I was going to do to you if I caught you smoking again?"

Stub—"If you don't remember, pa, you needn't think I'm going to tell you."

—:o:—

Willis has his mission,
Adelaide her submission
Hopefully waiting her
Man-u-mission.

—:o:—

Russel—"I've promised to go to the party with Miss ———, but I'll find a good-looking man and a swell dancer for you."

Doris—"But I don't want a good looking man and a swell dancer, I want you."

—:o:—

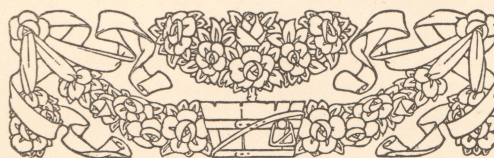
Zip to Steve—"You needn't think that you're the whole garden even if your hair is a little reddish."

—:o:—

Grinds on grinds being out of place is the reason that many Juniors fail to obtain mention in these columns.

—:o:—

Mr. Seymour (Geom.)—"I don't understand how an angle can be a right angle if it is on the left side."



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